

He was the Marke, and Glasse, Coppy, and Booke,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leane
(Second to none) vn-seconded by you,
To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,
In dis-advantage, to abide a field,
Where nothing but the sound of *Hotsper's* Name
Did seeme defensible: so you left him,
Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghost the wrong;
To hold your Honor more precise and nice
With others, then with him. Let them alone:
The Marshall and the Arch-bishop are strong.
Had my sweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on *Hotsper's* Necke)
Haue talk'd of *Monmouth's* Graue.

North. Beshrew your heart,
(Faile Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient Ouer-sights,
But I must goe, and meet with Danger there,
Or it will seeke me in another place,
And finde me worle provided.

Wife. O flye to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Haue of their Puissance made a little taste.
Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make Strength stronger. But, for all our loues,
First let them trye themselves. So did your Sonne,
He was so suffer'd; so came I a Widow:
And neuer shall haue length of Life enough,
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and sprowt, as high as Heauen,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: tis with my Minde
As with the Tyde, swell'd vp vnto his height,
That makes a still-stand, running neyther way.
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-bishop,
But many thousand Reasons hold me backe.
I will resolute for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craue my company. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1. Drawer. What hast thou brought there? Apple-
Iohns? Thou know'st Sir *Iohn* cannot endure an Apple-
Iohn.

2. Drawer. Thou say'st true: the Prince once set a Dish
of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were fiew
more Sir *Iohns*: and, putting off his Hat, said, I will now
take my leaue of these fixe drie, round, old-wither'd
Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath for-
got that.

1. Drawer. Why then couer, and set them downe: and
see if thou canst finde out *Sneakes* Noyle; *Mistis Teare-
sheet* would faine haue some Musique.

2. Drawer. Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Master
Points, anon: and they will put on two of our Jerkins,
and Aprons, and Sir *Iohn* must not know of it: *Bardolph*
hath brought word.

1. Drawer. Then here will be old *Pistol*: it will be an ex-
cellent stratagem.

2. Draw. Ile see if I can finde out *Sneake*. *Exit.*
Enter Hostesse, and Dol.

Host. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an ex-
cellent good temperalitie: your Pulsfidge beates as ex-
traordinarily, as heart would desire; and your Colour
(I warrant you) is as red as any Rose: But you haue
drunke too much Canaries, and that's a marvellous fear-
ching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can say
what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Host. Why that was well said: A good heart's worth
Gold. Looke, here comes Sir *Iohn*.

Enter Falstaffe.

Falst. When *Arthur* first in Court--(emptie the Iordan)
and was a worthy King: How now *Mistis Dol*?

Host. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-sooth.

Falst. So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme,
they are sick.

Dol. You muddie Rascall, is that all the comfort you
giue me?

Falst. You make fat Rascalls, *Mistis Dol*.

Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diseases make
them, I make them not.

Falst. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to
make the Diseases (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch
of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Jewels.

Falst. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to
serue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come
off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surge-
rie brauely; to venture vpon the charg'd Chambers
brauely.

Host. Why this is the olde fashion: you two neuer
meete, but you fall to some discord: you are both (in
good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Tostes, you can-
not one beare with anothers Confinimities. What the
good-yere? One must beare, and that must bee you:
you are the weaker Vessell; as they say, the emptier
Vessell.

Dol. Can a weake emptie Vessell beare such a huge
full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture
of Burdeaux-Stuffe in him: you haue not scene a Hulke
better stufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee
Lacke: Thou art going to the Warres; and whether I
shall euer see thee againe, or no, there is no body
cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient *Pistol* is below, and would
speake with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering Rascall, let him not
come hither: it is the foule-mouth'd Rogue in Eng-
land.

Host. If hee swagger, let him not come here: I must
liue amongst my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggers: I am
in good name, and fame, with the very best; shut the
doore, there comes no Swaggers heere: I haue not
liu'd all this while, to haue swaggering now: shut the
doore, I pray you.

Falst. Do'st thou heare, *Hostesse*?

Host. Pray you pacifie your selfe (Sir *Iohn*) there comes
no Swaggers heere.

Falst. Do'st

Falst. Do'st thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally (Sir *Iohn*) neuer tell me, your ancient
Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Master
Tisick, the Deputie, the other day: and as hee said to me,
it was no longer agoe then Wednesday last: Neighbour
Quickly (sayes hee) Master *Dambe*, our Minister, was by
then: Neighbour *Quickly* (sayes hee) receiue those that
are Ciuill; for (sayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now
hee said so, I can tell whereupon: for (sayes hee) you are
an honest Woman, and well thought on; therefore take
heed what Guests you receiue: Receiue (sayes hee) no
swaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You
would bleesse you to heare what hee said. No, Ile no
Swaggers.

Falst. Hee's no Swaggerer (*Hostesse*): a tame Cheater,
hee: you may stroake him as gently, as a Puppie Grey-
hound: hee will not swagger with a Barbaric Henne, if
her feathers turne backe in any shew of resistance. Call
him vp (*Drawer*.)

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honest
man my house; nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue swag-
gering; I am the worse when one sayes, swagger: Feele
Masters, how I shake: looke you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, *Hostesse*.

Host. Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an As-
pen Lease: I cannot abide Swaggers.

Enter Pistol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Pist. Saue you, Sir *Iohn*.

Falst. Welcome Ancient *Pistol*. Here (*Pistol*) I charge
you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you discharge vpon mine
Hostesse.

Pist. I will discharge vpon her (Sir *Iohn*) with two
Bullets.

Falst. She is Pistoll-prooffe (Sir) you shall hardly of-
fend her.

Host. Come, Ile drinke no Prooffes, nor no Bullets: I
will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans
pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you (*Mistis Dorothea*) I will charge
you.

Dol. Charge me? I scorne you (scourie Companion)
what? you poore, base, rascally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-
Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for
your Master.

Pist. I know you, *Mistis Dorothea*.

Dol. Away you Cut-purse Rascall, you filthy Bung,
away: By this Wine, Ile thrust my Knife in your mouldie
Chappes, if you play the sawie Cuttle with me. Away
you Bottle-Ale Rascall, you Basket-hilt stale Iugler, you.
Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on
your shoulder? much.

Pist. I will murder your Ruffe, for this.

Host. No good Captaine *Pistol*: not heere, sweete
Captaine.

Dol. Captaine? thou abominable damn'd Cheater,
art thou not a sham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Capaines
were of my minde, they would truncheon you out, for tak-
ing their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them.
You a Captaine? you slave, for what? for tearing a poore
Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-house? Hee a Captaine? hang
him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie stew'd-Pruines, and
dry'd Cakes. A Captaine? These Villaines will make
the word Captaine odious: Therefore Capaines had
need looke to it.

Bard. Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falst. Hearke thee hither, *Mistis Dol*.

Pist. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I
could teare her: Ile be reueng'd on her.

Pige. Pray thee goe downe.

Pist. Ile see her damn'd first: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake,
to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde
also. Hold Hooke and Line, say I: Downe: downe
Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not *Heren* here?

Host. Good Captaine *Peefel* be quiet, it is very late:
I beseeke you now, aggrauate your Choler.

Pist. These be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-
Horses, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Asia, which can-
not goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with *Cesar*, and
with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne
them with King *Corberus*, and let the Welkin roare: shall
wee fall foule for Toyes?

Host. By my troth Captaine, these are very bitter
words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a
Brawle anon.

Pist. Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes:
Haue we not *Heren* here?

Host. On my word (Captaine) there's none such here.
What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would denye her?
I pray be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat (my faire *Calipolis*.) Come,
giue me some Sack, *Si fortune me tormente, sperato me con-
tente*. Feare wee broad-fides? No, let the Fiend giue fire:
Giue me some Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there:
Come wee to full Points here, and are *et cetera's* no-
thing?

Falst. *Pistol*, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet Knight, I kisse thy Neasse: what? wee haue
scene the seven Starres.

Dol. Thrust him downe stayres, I cannot endure such
a Fustian Rascall.

Pist. Thrust him downe stayres? know we not Gallo-
way Nagges?

Falst. Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a shoue-groat
shilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but speake nothing, hee
shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe stayres.

Pist. What? shall wee haue Incision? shall wee em-
brew? then Death rocke me asleepe, abridge my dolefull
dayes: why then let gricuous, gaffly, gaping Wounds,
vntwin'd the Sisters three: Come *Atropos*, I say.

Host. Here's good stuffe toward.

Falst. Giue me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee *Lacke*, I prethee doe not draw.

Falst. Get you downe stayres.

Host. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forswear keeping
house, before Ile be in these tiritits, and frights. So: Mur-
ther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Wea-
pons, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee *Lacke* be quiet, the Rascall is gone: ah,
you whorson little valiant Villaine, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i'th' Groyne? me thought hee
made a shrewd Thrust at your Belly.

Falst. Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Rascall's drunke: you haue hurt
him (Sir) in the shoulder.

Falst. A Rascall to braue me.

Dol. Ah, you sweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape,
how thou sweat'st? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come
on, you whorson Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou
art